MR. CUTTER'S SURPRISE

BY W. L. ALDEN.



had been an in tensely hot day. The thermometer had stood at ninety degrees in the hade at nine o'clock in the morning, and it

had steadily the afternoon there was not a breath of a greasy copper saucepan. My room in the Jericho hotel was like an oven, and my nerves were as thoroughly unstrung as if I had undergone three days of a Sicilian sirocco. Knowing that my friend, the station-master, with his two hundred and fifty pounds of flesh, must suffer from the heat even more severely than myself, I hoped to derive some consolation from his misery, and so strolled up to the railway station to a schooner?' asked the captain. meet him.

I found him sitting in a chair on the platform of the station, moist, but cheerful.

Englishmen, living in your everlasting fog, don't know much about our Monout to manufacture weather we can just | dog would have with a Bengal tiger.' beat all creation."

"Is this sort of thing usual in this part of the country?" I asked.

"Well, no!" he replied,"I can't exactly say as it is. I've seen the thermometer considerable higher than it is to-day, but I never saw a sky like that before, and I never wilted under the heat as I've been wilting since morning. Come along inside. I'll telegraph up to Athensville and ask where No. 42 is, then we'll sit down and have a cigar."

The stationmaster went into the telegraph office and sat down at the desk. Suddenly I heard a sharp, crackling noise, and my friend ran out of the office with a startled expression of face.

"There's an electric storm in the air," he exclaimed, "and I don't want to be too near that instrument if I can help it. Besides, there's no use in trying to telegraph. The wires won't work, and now I think of it I haven't heard a message go through the office for the last two hours. Mighty curious weather this. I can't account for it no-

at the same moment his dog, a big collie, came whining into the room, and coiled himself up in the extreme corner, trembling and moaning as if in

"That there animal knows that something's wrong," said the stationmaster, "but he ain't going to tell what it is. Well! this weather can't last much longer, and we'll probably have a thunderstorm by sunset."

"Tell me something to pass away the time," said I. "My nerves are all upset, and I want to forget myself for awhile if I can."

"Let's see," said the stationmaster reflectively; "did I ever tell you about Jim Cutter, and the way he was surprised? It ain't so very much of a story, but perhaps it'll do all the better for that reason. A story that has got much to it is a mighty thirsty sort of | ing to say. Only I can tell you that | insured, to start with, and they'll be here just now except warm water. Well! here's the story, such as it is, and if into me.' you get tired of listening, just say so, and I'll put on the brakes.

"Jim Cutter was the conductor of freight train on the West Huron rail- down for about a quarter of a mile, and road, and he was one of those chaps who think that they know it all, and get off that schooner in double-quick you can't surprise 'em do what you time, or else you'll find yourself knocked will. One night, about ten years ago, we had one of the most tremenjous storms that ever blew in the lake re- any coroner ever tried to set on." gion, and the West Huron track, which runs for thirty miles or so alongside of run into me, have you?" asked the capthe lake, was six or ten feet underwater. | tain. The day after the storm let up, Jim started out with his train, and went feeling his way along the line, looking out for washouts, and drift wood, and such, and finding rather more of them you'll be everlastingly surprised, so than he wanted. Just hold on a minute don't try to blame me if the thing don't till I light the lamp. It's grown as pan out to please you. Now, I'll just go below and get my log book and my pafive o'clock. This weather clean beats pers, and then I'll go ashore; and I call

A sudden darkness had fallen over Jericho, and while the stationmaster was lighting his lamp I went out on the platform for a look at the sky. The coppery tint had nearly disappeared, and a vast cloud of inky black had overspread nearly the whole heavens.

"Jim was nearly all day running from Chicago to Ithaca Center; and just a little after sundown, as he came around a curve, he saw a big schooner lying directly across the track. He stopped his train and walked up to the schooner and hailed her. There was a man on the quarterdeck a-leaning over the rail, and says Jim to him:

"'Who are you?" "'I'm the schooner Matilda G. Smith. says the man. 'Who might you be?' "'I'm the express freight,' replies Jim, 'and I'd like to know what you're

a-doing on my track.' "Looks as if I was anchored here don't it?' says the man. 'The schooner dragged her anchor last night, and came ashore here where there was about six feet of water at the time. If you'll give a look around you'll see that that season of the year. my anchor's down, and that I've got a alding light in my forerigging, all regular and shipshape. I'm the anchor watch just at present, my men having allowed that they'd had enough fun last night to last them for some time, and having gone on to the next town T've got a little old Ja

"'I don't want none of your Jamaica

and let me take my train up the road.' the along in about two days, and then sound as if all the powder mills in the a rot in the lumber.

"'Do you mean to tell me that I've got to wait here for two days and more? You get your blasted schooner out of fly, and Jim saw that there had been a the way, or I'll make kindling wood of miscalculation about that collision.

" 'Considering that I'm at anchor with a proper light displayed,' replied the man, 'it's your business to keep clear of me, and I've no concern about it. That's the law of the road, and if you don't believe me, come aboard and I'll show it to you.

at anchor he'd collect big damages; and Jim kept on talking sharper and sharper, and getting madder and madder all the time.

"'If you want the schooner moved mounted ever since. At four o'clock in to-night you'll have to do it yourself, man, there never was the smallest parair stirring, and the sky had the tint of I'm short-handed, even if I wanted to mains; and where the engine had say I don't.'

"'I can move you easy enough,' says Jim, 'and that's what I cal'late to do. If I was to run into you at full speed with my big engine and a heavy train the train by uncoupling a car at a time of thirty-nine loaded cars we'd go through your dirty little schooner as if she was made of wrapping paper.'

"'Did you ever have a collision with

"'No, I never did,' says Jim. 'But it's about the only thing I haven't run into in my time. I've run into a brick house, owing to getting off the track "This is what you might call right with that identical engine and smashed smart of a hot day," he remarked. "You the whole concern into smithereens without turning a hair of the machine. Your schooner wouldn't have no more tana weather. I tell you, when we start | chance against my train than a valler "'Of course,' says the captain, 'if you

we'll see what we can do about getting state of Illinois had busted at the same minute, and then the freight cars began to grind against one another and to climb on the top of one another, and says Jim. 'I'll do nothing of the kind. the splinters and the gravel began to

"What had happened," continued the station master, pausing for a moment to throw a potato at the dog, who had begun to howl in a most depressing fashion, "was this: That the schooner was loaded partly with dynamite and partly with petroleum; and when the engine struck the dynamite it went off "Well, the captain stuck to it that in and blew that engine into scrap iron. case of anything running into him while It seemed to Jim about five minutes before it quit raining pieces of iron and billets of wood; and, when it had quit. the wreck was in full blaze in consequence of the petroleum having caught fire. As for the engineer and the firesays the captain, 'for you can see that | ticle of them found in the shape of reaccommodate you, which I'm free to struck the schooner there was a hole as big as a cellar scooped out in the ground.

"Jim and his three brakesmen had to set to work to save what they could of and shoving it back out of reach of the fire. The cars were heavy and the grade was pretty stiff, and by the time that they had saved six cars Jim allowed that he was clean beat, and he went and laid down on the grass and let the rest of the train burn. Presently up come the captain and says: 'Perhaps, Mr. Conductor, you're prepared to allow as you've been a little bit surprised?

"Jim didn't have anything to say, except to cuss the captain the best he knew how

"'I'm afraid,' says the captain, 'that you've made a bad business of this runsee fitten for to run me down I've noth- ning of me down. My owners is fully



thing, and there ain't anything to drink you'll be more surprised than you ever certain to get big damages out of your were before in your life if you do run | company for making kindling wood of

"'I ain't going to be surprised by no trifling schooner, and you can just bet this'll prove to be the best voyage I've on that,' says Jim. 'I'm going to back when you see me coming you'd better wrecking tug would be able to get the clean into the next county, and you'll be the worst-looking lot of remains that | track with her light burning and her

"'You've quite made up your mind to

"'I'm going to give the order to my engineer this blessed minute,' says Jim. " 'Well,' says the captain, 'you can't say as how I haven't warned you that you to witness that I'm the last man to leave thishyer craft, having done al' that a man can do to see as how his owners and the underwriters ain't cheated out of none of their rights.'

"'You'd better hurry up,' says Jim, 'for when I start for thishyer schooner there ain't no signals as is going to stop me. I'm going clean through your schooner; and I'll be a mile down the road before the chips will get through raining.

"Well, the captain collects his papers and climbs down to the ground and goes off into the woods, where he could have a fair view of the coming catastrophe without too much risk of having his head stove in. Jim, he interviews his engineer, who allowed that unless the schooner was loaded with solid timber or railroad iron he'd undertake to run through her without losing anvthing, except, perhaps, his smokestack. and that he'd be pleased to undertake the job. I disremember the engineer's name, but he was a careful man, and he knew pretty well that no vessel loaded either with timber or railroad iron had any call to be in that part of the lake at

"Well. Jim climbs into his caboose. which, of course, was at the end of the train, and he takes his three brakesmen with him, so as to keep them out of harm's way; and then the train backs up a long distance, and after a big screech on the whistle, just to let the in hopes of finding something to drink. schooner's captain know that the cirand if you'll come aboard we'll sample | for the schooner with the throttle wide open and a full head of steam on. Jim says when she struck the schooner the nor yet none of your lip, says Jim, put- train was doing a good fifty miles an ting on more or less airs, as was his hour, and he expected to go through her general style. 'What I want is to know | without feeling so much as a shock, he when you cal'late to get off my track being a man that was used to collisions, and could generally predict, before ne "'I did tell one of the men,' replied ran into anything, just exactly what the captain of the schooner, to tele- the result was going to be. The engraph to Chicago for a wrecking tug.

If he didn't forget to do it before he found any whisky, that there tug will jim's tremenjous surprise, there was a kind of fermentation which produces

the schooner. What, between the insurance and the damages, I cal'late that made this year, for, to tell the truth, I didn't have any expectation that the schooner afloat again. Well, I must be going now; and the next time you find a schooner lying at anchor on your anchor watch set you'll remember thishyer surprise and won't be quite so anxious to run that there schooner

down." "What's that?" exclaimed the stationmaster, abruptly quitting the story of Mr. Cutter's surprise. "As I'm a living man, that's a cyclone!"

The dull, moaning sound which had startled the stationmaster had plready



MY FRIEND RAN OUT OF THE OFFICE WITH A STARTLED EXPRESSION.

grown to be a mighty roar, that came nearer and grew louder, with even greater speed than that with which the flying and screeching engine had approached us. Suddenly all the doors and windows of the building burst open from the inside. Then there was rush of air through the place and the roar of the cyclone grew lower and fainter. The terrible visitation had passed within fifty feet of the station. leveling everything in its path, and was

already miles away. "There!" said the stationmaster, "I reckon you're somewhat more surprised than even Jim Cutter was. That don't you forget it. I expect the whole town of Jericho is gone, and if you hadn't been up here listening to my chatter you'd be a dead man by this time. Well! I'm glad to be of some little use in the world, and I'm glad an Englishman like you has had a chance to see what Montana can do in the line of weather when she really humps her self!"-Pall Mall Magazine.

FOREIGN GOSSIP.

-The British government, after a year or two of hesitation, has finally cided to raise Uganda and the reand the east coast to the estate of a protectorate, has voted a snug sum for season is likely to construct a railroad.

army. Hitherto, though every man is wishes of the fair one, it is only natliable to serve in time of war, the ural that those afflicted with this prince's body guard of one hundred kept up during peace. Now the whole the use of the new arms provided by Russia, one section following another in continuous service for three months. the kind in which the English duchess

been elected a trustee of the British Chicago Record. museum. The museum is governed by a board of fifty members, only fifteen of whom are elective. Nine, called family trustees, are hereditary; one, the royal trustee, is nominated by the crown, and twenty-five are official trustees. These thirty-five fill fifteen other places, as vacancies occur, by election for life.

-Italy will issue a new postage stamp to commemorate the twenty-fifth anniversary of the taking of Rome. In the upper half is a figure of Italy, with the iron crown; below Victor Emanuel's saving, "In Rome we are and in Rome we stay," and Umberto's, "Rome is intangible." There are also a number of symbols-the she wolf of Rome, the eagle of Savoy, profiles of King Victor and King Humbert, the Italian crown, and the dates 1870-1895.

-The Western railroad of France has adopted a plan by which a person notifies the St. Lazare station in Paris of his intention to take a train to any station on the line, the company will send to his address for his trunk, take it to the station, register it for its destination, inclose the receipt (answering precisely to our check) in an envelope with the ticket for destination, and hold it at the station till the passenger applies and pays for it.

-The railroad from Beyrout Damascus, 90 miles, was opened for traffic early last June. There are 25 miles of it with grades as steep as 270 feet per mile, and curves as sharp as 400 feet radius, on which the Abt cobwheel system is used. The line passes the crest of the Lebanon mountains in the Mezar pass at a height of 4,900 feet above sea level only 20 miles from Beyrout. It then descends about 2,300 feet to the plateau, and again climbs the opposite chain of Ante-Lebanon and descends to the plain of Damascus.

cent. of the girls were dull. Defective foreign ships visiting that port. skulls are much more frequent among Irish children than among any of the other nationalities found in English towns.

-The Chateau of Amboiso has been bought from the executors of the Comte de Paris by the Duc d'Aumale, who intends making it a home for the VIII. was born and died in the chateau; it was the scene of the bloody massacre following the Conjuration d'Amboise in 1560; Leonardo da Vinci is buried in the chapel, and Abd el Kader was imprisoned there for two years. In 1848 the chateau was confiscated, but it was given back to the Comte de Paris in 1872 by the national assembly with the other domain lands that had belonged to Louis Philippe. The restoration of the chateau was begun twenty years ago by Viollet le

A KLEPTOMANIAC DUCHESS. Speculation Rife in England as to Her Identity.

Speculation is rife in London as to the identity of the English duchess who, according to the annual police reports of the French government just published, has been arrested during the last twelve months in one of the great Parisian emporiums for shoplifting, quantities of stolen articles being discovered about her person.

Her grace was subjected to the indignity of arrest and search by the police and to the even still more intolerable ignominy of detention for fortyeight hours at the depot, or central police station, among the crowds of drunk-and-disorderlies and criminals of every description who are assembled there previous to being brought before the magistrates.

The duchess was with great difficulty extricated from this disagreeable situation through the intervention of Lord Dufferin, the British ambassador, and only after the payment of a fine of ten thousand dollars, which has been devoted to the relief of the Parisian

The Parisian police, with the gallantry that belongs to their race, have had the commendable consideration to abstain from mentioning her grace's her favorite pair at present being name in their published report. Unfortunately, however, the number of English duchesses is exceedingly small. There are not more than twenty of them altogether, and they are such important personages that their migration to and fro on the continent are considered worthy of mention in the newspapers, English and foreign.

Now there are only a few of the strawberry-leaf-coroneted ladies who crossed the continent to Paris last year, hence there are about three among whom the titled shoplifter must be.

People are inclined to ascribe the identity of the kleptomaniac duchess to a lady twice widowed, a commoner by birth, but married into a ducal house.

It is well known that last year something happened which suddenly caused this until then frivolous lady to entirely change her mode of life and to was a first-class Montana cyclone, and | become very penitent, her days now become very penitent, her days now being spent in fasting, prayer and in Summer school examination by the dithe endeavor to do good to the poor. Moreover, she has abandoned Paris, once her favorite residence. Presumthis radical transformation.

with kleptomania or who has been ar-

shop and were only let go after paying

heavy fines. Klentomania is a form of insanity far commoner among the high-born gion lying between Victoria Nyanza and delicately-nurtured classes than people realize, and inasmuch as Paris is the headquarters of everything in the maintenance of order, and in due the shape of feminine elegance and articles of one kind and another calcu--Mostenegro is to have a standing lated to tempt the purse and the moral ailment of kleptomania should men has been the only organized force find it impossible to suppress it on the banks of the Seine. Consequently the population will gradually be drilled in foreign embassies at Paris are put to a good deal of trouble in extricating their country-women from scrapes of -Sir William Vernon Harcourt has above referred to involved herself -

LABOR ORGANIZED IN RUSSIA. Trades Unionism Has a Firm Hold in th Domain of the Czar.

So little is known about conditions

of life in Russia that the fact of the

existence of labor organizations on a large scale has generally been overlooked. These associations or artels form an important part of the industrial organization and are almost entirely free from government control. It is doubtless to this that so little has been said about them. Some reference, however, was made to them in a report issued by the British foreign office in 1892, and now a fuller account is given in a report made by Mr. Carnegie of the British embassy in St. Petersburg. From this report it is learned that the artel system had its origin as far back as the tenth century, when organizations were effected for hunting, fishing and trading purposes. From these early beginnings the system has been so far extended that there are few occupations or trades in Russia in which artels are not or have not been formed. There are artels of carpenters, painters, blacksmiths, masons, porters, bargees, waiters, etc.; artels of workmen are employed in making pottery, cheese, percussion caps, boots, gun carriares and ropes, and there are even artels of beggars, traveling musicians and horse-stealers. They are, it seems, generally guided by the old customs and regulations which have been handed down for generations. The whole system is based upon the following fundamental principles: (1) Each member of the association has an equal share in the duty and work; (2) each member receives an equal share of the profits, and (3) all the members are mutually responsible for the work and conduct of each. As a rule, wom--Defects in development of the body en are not admitted to the arof English city children are more com- tels of the men, but they have a nummon among the boys than girls, ac- ber of their own, such as that engaged cording to Dr. Warner's report to the in the cultivation of tobacco in the British association, the proportion be- province of Tehernigoff. There is aning 8.7 of boys to 6.8 of girls. Girls' other artel composed of women enowever, are more apt to be ab; gaged in loading ships with grain at normally small, especially in the neigh- Archangel, the members speaking a borhood of large buildings. Thirty- kind of polyglot language which can six per cent. of the boys and 45 per be understood by the captains of any

Mr. Carnegie thinks that the artel system undoubtedly leads to better work, because it is for the interest of the members that all perform their full share and are punctual and sober. The whole system seems to be very similar to the reedizeval guilds, therein differing from the labor unions of to-day in soldiers that fought under him in that more matters of detail are attend-Africa, after which it will become a ed to. Trades unions occupy themstate museum like Chantilly. Charles selves with many matters, but individualism has grown to so great an extent that the multitudinous rules of

TOO BUSY TO GET MARRIED. A Kansas Girl Who Owns and Trains Trot-It is doubtful if anyone is better

known at race meetings in Kansas,

Missouri and Iowa than Mina Ann Wil-

son, who was born fifteen miles west

of Topeka, and has always had her home in the Sunflower state. In years gone by her father, Andy Wilson, was one of the most prosperous stockmen in Kansas, his estate at one time being valued at half a million. Mr. Wilson always had a few blooded horses, and Mina inherited her father's love for the racer. While yet a mere baby she learned to manage the most mettlesome among the lot, and no challenge for a race across the prairie ever passed by her unaccepted. In the days of his prosperity her father sent her to Bethany college, Topeka, where she advanced rapidly in her studies, shining particularly in the art class. While Mina was at college her father met with sudden business reverses, and in a short time his entire fortune was swept away, nothing being left but the old homestead. At that time Mina had several thoroughbreds of her own. Some of these she sold for sufficient funds to finish her education at Bethany. Then she returned home, and with the few animals she still owned began to raise racing stock. This work was interrupted for a time when Miss Mina went to Washington state to conduct a school. The confinement of this life so wore upon her that she soon gave it up, returning to the old homestead, where she has remained ever since. She has been remarkably successful in raising good race horses, Ding and Valencia, a pacer and trotter respectively. She is making money. and means to keep on until she has enough to pay her expenses for a year at one of the best art schools in Europe. Miss Mina has had numerous offers of marriage, but always declares that for the present she is too busy to think of such a thing; when her education has been completed it will be time enough to consider matrimony. The walls of her home are plentifully adorned with paintings from her brush not a few of the efforts showing considerable power. The dream of her life is to become an artist-not a famous artist, she says, but so successful as to win commendation from some of the European critics. If determination and honest effort may be relied upon she will doubtless realize her dream. - Chicago Chronicle.

Not a Proper Question rectors in a small town was the following example in arithmetic: "If Alexander can fire off nine crackers a minably it was the arrest and forty-eight ute for one hour and six minutes and hours in the police depot that effected Robert can fire seven crackers a minute for the same time, how many more Yet her grace may console herself will Alexander have fired off than with the knowledge that she is by no Robert?" When the question was promeans the only lady of rank afflicted pounded, a little girl immediately arose and piped out: "Please, teach rested while engaged in shoplifting. er, I don't want to answer that. Fire-The daughter of a reigning prince in Germany and some Russian princesses der is used in war, and our folks is were detected some eight months ago Quakers."—Philadelphia American.

purloining small articles in a Paris TRIED TO PLEASE EVERYBODY.

Why the Bicycle Girl Was a Weird and She was probably the weirdest-look tacle ever seen on Manhatta ing spectacle ever seen on Manhattan island. She came down the steps of her remote Harlem home and confronted her family on the front steps.

Two bicycles of the masculine and feminine gender respectively stood at the bottom of the steps, and a mascu-line bicyclist lounged against the rail. "Why, Maude!" exclaimed the ap-

parition's mother. "What have you on your head, child?"

It was quite evident that Maude had on a big black chip hat trimmed with pink roses and black chiffon. "My garden-party hat," replied

Maude, composedly. "You know that the last time I rode papa objected to my cap. He said there was no reason why I should make myself more hideous than nature had intended me to be, and added that this was a becoming piece of headgear."

"But-Maude!" cried her eldest sister, "you have forgotten your skirt." "Oh, no, I haven't," said Maude. "I

am wearing black satin bloomers because Claude declared that no woman who wore a skirt could ever look at ease on her wheel. So I have simply left it off."

"Will you be kind enough to explain why you are wearing silk stockings and strapped slippers?" demanded Maude's father.

"Certainly, sir," replied the young woman. "Mamma says that it breaks her heart to see me with hideous bicycle shoes and masculine-looking gaiters on. And I don't wish to break her heart."

"Why are you wearing that heavy Norfolk jacket and a standing collar this warm night?" demanded Maude's brother.

"Because sister has assured me that she loves to see me look trim and trig, and has added that I look trim in noth-

ing else. "Well," exclaimed her aggrieved mother, "you surely can't accuse any of us of asking you to add the finishing touch to your ridiculous get-up by wearing that gold chain and heart-

shaped locket." "No, none of you. But Charles"looking at the waiting bicyclist-"begged me always to wear it. Now, here I am, dressed according to suggestions from you all. Are you satisfied? Do you like it? Or will you let me dress to suit myself in the future?" "Go dress yourself properly Maude,"

said her mother. "Yes, go!" shouted the repentant

And ten minutes later a neat figure in brown cap, skirt and gaiters and a pink shirt waist, rode merrily off on her wheel.-N. Y. World.

BAIRD'S TAPIR.

Still less known in this country, and never seen, either in menageries or museums, are the two species of tapir found in Central America. The sleek, plump-bodied, chocolate-brown tapir of South America we do see occasionally, both alive and dead, but of Baird's tapir there is not even one adult stuffed specimen in existence, either in this country or in Europe. A few skulls and skeletons and two or three mutilated and unmountable skins are positively all the world possesses in representation of this species, and, what is still worse, no naturalist has yet had an opportunity to even write a the guilds are not tolerated. -Buffalo | description of the full-grown animal! The young animal is known to be of a reddish-brown color, marked with ir-

regular white spots and stripes. Our universal poverty in specimens of the tapir named in honor of Prof. Baird is not due to the extreme rarity of the animal, but rather to a lack of enterprise on the part of the intelligent white men who from time to time have had it in their power to procure and to preserve specimens. The animal is well known in Panama, Costa Rica, Nicaragua, Honduras and south-

ern Mexico. Although tapirs are usually found along small and well-shaded rivers in the hot lowlands of the tropics, they are frequently found on forest-covered mountains as well. Dr. Frantzius informs us that the Costa Rica Baird's tapir is found both in the lowlands and on the highest mountain ranges. He says also that "it is much hunted, for its flesh is very delicate; the backwoodsmen salt it, or dry it in the air, and thus provide themselves with large stores. Its thick hide is very useful. * * * Tapirs are very fond of salt-licks which are formed in the neighborhood of the numerous mineral springs by the evaporation of the saline water. Here they are either shot with bullets on moonlight nights, or are hunted down with dogs, and killed with spears."—W. T. Hornaday,

in St. Nicholas. The Pacific Slope Still Has Gold. Out on the Pacific slope the old mining experts and some who are not such veterans, but, nevertheless, know a great deal about the mineral riches of that section, are filled with disgust when they see the world, America excepted, going crazy over the gold fields of south Africa, while the deposits of that metal between Mexico and Alaska go comparatively un-heeded by capitalists. Both in California and in British Columbia there are plenty of men who insist that after the boom in south Africa shall have burst and the west Australia excitement shall have died out the world will come back to the Pacific slope of North America for its best and surest supply of the precious metal, which was never more eagerly sought than it is now.-Cleveland Leader.

Since science has demonstrated that artificial rubies can be manfactured, there is little doubt that before long diamonds and other gems will also be turned out from the laboratory. It can scarcely be said that made rubies are not genuine, as they differ in no respect of material or appearance from the stones manufactured by nature, but it is declared possible to distin-It is a curious caprice that will discard an article as spurious merely because it is turned out of the laboratory of man instead of nature, especially when there is no difference between the two products.-N. Y. Ledger.

Binkers-Has Winkers succeeded in teaching his daughter to ride her new

bicycle yet?
Minkers—Yes, she is out riding now. "Is Winkers with her?" "Nu, he's in a hospital."-N. Y. Weekly.

PITH AND POINT.

-"You say that horse isn't afraid of anything. Can my wife drive hi "I don't know, air. I've never a your wife."—Life.

-He (coming out of the warm the ter)-"You look like a broiled lobster She-"Well, I just feel like son to eat."-Yonkers Statesman

-"Fraulein, for months I have car-ried this thought in my head." "Oh, the poor thought must be lonesome to be entirely without company."-Fliegende Blaetter. -He-"Why shouldn't I be happy? I

love you, and you know all the world loves a lover." She (in alarm)—"But then, suppose you should return it."—Boston Transcript. -"Never," began the philosop

drummer, "never marry a woman with a square, protruding chin." "I never do," said the Jrummer from Chicago.— Indianapolis Journal. -He used to say, "Will you be mine?" No more the style endures,
Of woman "new," still divine,
He asks, "Can I be yours!"

—Washington Star.

-Counsel for the Defendant (sarcastically)-"You're a nice fellow, aren't you?" Witness for the Plaintiff (cordially)-"I am, sir; and if I were not on my oath I'd say the same of you."-Tit-Bita

-"Politics," said the self-made man, "always reminds me of something I noticed when I set out in life as a sailor." "What was that?" "There's no good knowin' the ropes unless you've got a pull."—Washington Star. -- "I desire," said the scientist, "to inform myself as to the mean temper-ature of this region." "Well," replied the native, as he shook the rain off his overcoat, "you couldn't have come in a better time. This is it."-Washington.

-Wiggles-"I hear Bjenks has been very ill. Is he out of danger yet?" Waggles-"Well, he's convale but he won't be out of danger until that pretty nurse who has been taking care of him has gone away."—Somerville Journal.

-Miss Watson-"That villain in your story is a perfect masterpiece. Where did you get the character?"
Novelist—"I imagined a man possessed
of all the forms of wickedness which my wife attributes to me when she is angry."-Vogue.

-"What's the matter, Rastus? You look angry." "I is, suh. I is. Dat or'nary Col. Peppergrass done called me a niggah, suh." "Well, Rastus, what are you?" "I is a niggah, suh, an' dat's what done make me so mad, suh."-Harper's Bazar.

-"Papa, I've got some mending for you to do. My roller-skates are broken." "Well, put them away till morning. It's too late to mend anything now." "Why, you said this morning that it was never too late to mend."-Harper's Round Table.

-The president of one of our colleges near the beginning of the school year, made this abnouncement at evening prayers: "Up to noon to-day one hundred and fifty-seven freshman had been admitted; the largest class on record." Then he read the chapter in Psalms beginning: "Lord, how are they increased that trouble me!"

-Clinched It with Scripture.-A minister who had not been paid his salary according to contract, in tendering his resignation said: "Brethren, I have accepted a call to a better position—that of chaplain of the state penitentiary." Then he read the Scripture: "I go to prepare a place for you, that where I am there ye may

THEY CALLED HIM VENUS.

Funny Christoning Incident Sometimes in English country perishes, where the clergyman has been accustomed to have his own way, he protests rather vigorously if the name proposed for a child about to be chris-tened does not suit him. Occasionally, however, he does so upon false prem-

The late Dean Burgon, when in a curate in Berkshire, was requested by a village couple to christen their boy "Venus," or as they called it "Vanus." "Are you aware," he said, "that you

are asking something ridiculous as well as exceedingly wicked? Do you suppose I am going to give a Christian child, a boy, the name of a woman in heathen mythology? How did such a monstrous notion get into your "Please, sir," said the father, "we

want him called after his grandfa-"And do you mean to say his grandfather was named Venus?" "Yes, sir; there he is, sir."

A poor old man, looking very un-like Venus, hobbled out of the city crowd. "Do you dare to say you were chris-tened Venus?" asked the indignat

clergyman.
"Well, no, sir," was the respectful answer; "I was christened Sylvanus, but they always called me Vanus"-

THE ARMY OF TRAMPS.

N. Y. Independent.

A Fallure in Our System of Correction and There can be no doubt that the

tramp is, in a certain sense, the maker and chooser of his own career. The writer's experience with these va-grants has convinced him that, though they are almost always the victims of liquor and laziness, fully four-fifths of America's voluntary beggars have begun their wide and restless ways while still in their teens, and have been furthered in their wrong tendencies by unwise treatment applied to them when young. Year after year, even month after

away with the years. These roadsters are more often illegitimate than lawful children. and consequently proper subjects for state care and guardianship. And the fact that every tramp in the United States has spent some part of his youth in a reform school, or, worst of all, in jails, demonstrates that there is a failure somewhere in our system of correction and reformation, and makes it necessary and only fair that the so-ciologist as well as the reformer should know the tramp from boyhood to man-hood. Superficial and unsympathetic atudies of his character, with shallow theories about remedial measures, have so far failed signally in checking his malign influence upon society.—Joseph Flynt, in Contury.